

## Pizza & Perfection by EvieSmallwood

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** a happy one shot, ships are very minor

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Holly Wheeler, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, mike/eleven

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**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 496

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The kids have a relaxed day (a one-shot written for National Best Friends Day).

## Pizza & Perfection

“Go fish.”

Dustin huffed, grabbing a card from the stack centred between them all, and Lucas snickered with delight.

Mike rearranged his hand. He looked to Lucas triumphantly. “Got any fives?”

Lucas squinted. He reluctantly handed over his five, and Mike paired them. “Suckers,” he said, grinning.

El rolled onto her stomach. She loved watching them—there was something so natural about the way they sat, effortlessly teasing and laughing, throwing bits of popcorn and occasionally eyeing that winning stack of comics and candy bars.

Will straightened his pairs, head down. He’d confessed to El that he was terrible at bluffing. *I just don’t look at them at all*, he’d said. *I’ve won a few times*.

Her gaze shifted to the window, where rain was lightly pattering against the glass and rolling down in clear streams. She loved the smell; Mrs. Wheeler had cracked it just a touch, so that the fresh scent permeated the living room.

“Who’s winning?”

Lucas quickly glanced at his tally. “Me,” he said, sitting up a little straighter. “Obviously.”

“Cheater,” Dustin muttered. He bitterly ripped his twizzler in half,

handing the larger part to El. “Man, I swear, if your sister doesn’t get back with the pizza soon I’m gonna combust.”

“Lucas doesn’t cheat,” El advocated.

“I’m naturally brilliant,” the other boy added. “Sevens?”

“Son of a bitch!”

The lock on the door clicked, and in came Nancy, Steve, and Jon, bearing pizzas and sodas. Their hair was soaked, and Jon was holding Nancy’s jacket. She whacked him with it when he gave it back.

“Stevie!” Holly jumped up from her perch on the Lay-Z-Boy, running across the floor toward him. “Did you get pepper-pony?”

Steve laughed. “I sure did. And cheese, before you monsters freak out.”

El followed Nancy into the kitchen and helped her dish up the food. For a moment, the house was silent. El watched the boys re-deal their cards, and Steve rewind a VHS tape.

Max came running up the stairs from the basement, where she had fallen asleep a few hours before. Her hair was frizzy and tangled. “I smell food,” she said, wandering over. El handed over a plate of pepperoni, which Max took gratefully. “You’re a lifesaver, El.”

El smiled. *What are friends for?*

Max grinned at the thought. She helped El carry over the plates. El settled down beside Mike, who had enough pairs, she thought, to win

this round.

“Pretty in Pink, or Ferris Bueller’s Day Off?”

Mike glanced up at Steve. “Is that a real question?”

“Everyone’s favourite movie it is.”

El leaned against Mike, smiling happily, because everything about that moment was perfect. She was with her best friends, her family. No adult supervision, plenty of junk food, and peace.

Hours later, when night had fallen and the ten of them had crashed in various places in the living room, El softly intertwined her fingers with Mike’s and pulled Holly a little closer. *This is what friends are for.*